

John Oates

"Past Times Behind"

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Just imagine, you were off
On an island in the sea
With a love, oh, so warm
And sweet cup of tea

Will you think of the time
With your friends and mine
Sleeping days, living nights
Leaving those past times behind

Say these words if you can
They may never come again
Lift your eyes, see the night
There's no time to pretend

But will you think of the time
With your friends and mine
Sleeping days, living nights
Leaving those past times behind

Will you think of the time
With your friends and mine
Sleeping days, living nights
Leaving those past times behind

Sleeping days, living nights
Leaving those past times behind

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